

The Indian Missionary Record

VOL. 3. No. 4.

APRIL, 1940

Published Monthly

EARL OF ATHLONE IS 16th GOVERNOR

The Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary and former governor-general of South Africa, was appointed governor-general of Canada to succeed Lord Tweedsmuir. Lord Athlone once before was appointed governor-general of Canada, on the eve of the first Great War. He did not take up the appointment. Instead he served with the British army throughout the war. The earl, who will be 66 April 14th, has had a long career. He served in India and Natal with the Hussars and fought in the Matabele campaign of 1896 and in the Boer war. After completing his term as governor-general of South Africa, he became governor of Windsor castle and chancellor of London University. Since 1936 he has been a personal aide-de-camp to the King.

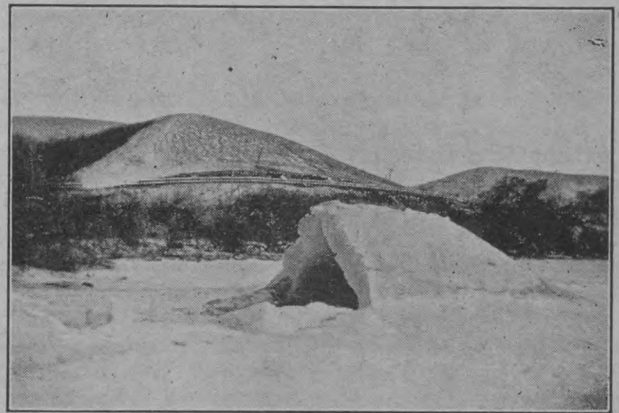
The Earl of Athlone will be the 16th governor-general of Canada since confederation, the third close relative of a reigning sovereign to hold the office and the second governor-general to take office with Canada at war. His appointment recalls the fact that at the outbreak of the last war, an uncle of George V, the then reigning sovereign, held the position. He was His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, a son of Queen Victoria.

The new governor-general is also an uncle of the present King, but is not entitled to the style "His Royal Highness," as he is a brother of Queen Mary and a member of the royal family only by marriage.

WAR NEWS: read on page 3 a brief account of recent events.

DEATH OF W. M. GRAHAM, former commissioner for Western Canada, on page 2.

FEATURE: CUSTER'S DAY, by John LeCaine, in verse, page 8.



NATURAL CAVE FORMED BY ICE, LAKE ECHO

The height of the cave was 55 inches

(Courtesy Valley Echo)

The St. Philip's School Boys



ST. PHILIPS' SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM, 1940

Back row: Ambrose Musqua, Ernest Severight, Xavier Queweance, Wilfrid Brass (Captain), Frank Quewezance, Robert Quewezance. Front row: Adelard Chartrand, Edgar Kitchimonia, Wilfrid Campeau, Duncan Cote, Albert Kishane (goaler), and Dolphis Musqua.

The St. Philips School boys have now the most complete hockey equipment they can desire; good skates, nice uniforms, gloves, pads, etc., a full size rink with a three foot fence, good ice, blue lines and all. It took a few years to get all that, but now they have it. It is not many years ago when they could only skate occasionally on lakes and pools. There were no facilities then for a rink, as the school's supply of water was not sufficient, and the ground all around the school was very uneven. However, with much expense and labor, a space of ground five feet lower on one end than the other was levelled up and transformed into a rink for the inauguration of hockey at the school. Since then the boys have made fast progress every year. In the winter of 1938-39, with the help of Mr. Leo Loree as trainer, the boys picked up rapidly to real hockey playing, so much so that at the start of this season, when they played on the Kamsack rink, their refined playing won them the admiration of all the fans there. In the years to come hockey will always be the most popular sport in St. Philip's School.

W. M. GRAHAM DIES MARCH 28th

W. M. Graham, former Indian commissioner for western Canada, died about 6:45 o'clock Thursday evening in Regina General hospital following a stroke. William Morris Graham, one of nine children, was the third son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Graham, both of whom were born in the Ottawa valley and where William Morris was born in January, 1867, the year of confederation. His father, James F. Graham, came west in 1870 with the Wolseley expedition. In 1871 he became superintendent of Indian affairs in Manitoba, and his family came out from the east. Mr. Graham was connected with the Indian department until 1884.

In 1885, William Morris Graham joined the Indian department under Lawrence Herchmer, then Indian agent at Birtle, Man. Mr. Herchmer later became commissioner of the North West Mounted Police. From the position of clerk, Mr. Graham rose by stages to be Indian agent, later inspector and then in 1918 was made commissioner of Indian affairs for western Canada, a post that was abolished when he was superannuated in 1932, after 47 years of work among the Indians of the west. Mr. Graham had lived in Regina since 1918.

The accomplishments of Mr. Graham during his 47 years among the Indians cannot be recorded in anything less than a volume, for the success of educating the Indian, and the changing of the native of the plains from a wanderer and hunter to a successful farmer, which is true in hundreds of cases today, cannot be ascribed to anyone else than William Morris Graham.

Graduated from Manitoba College

At the age of 18 he entered the service, recently a graduate of Manitoba college, an observant, quiet young man. He had access to records, knew the routine of the department work in no time, had as friends men who had but made a start in ameliorating the conditions of the red men, and so grew up with a plan that some day the Indian would take his place side by side with the white conquerors of the country.

The record of the Indians of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta during the Great War, perhaps best illustrates what success means, and what the idea was in the mind of William Morris Graham, when he took over the reins of Indian affairs. There are still some tepees on the reserves, in fact there will likely be for many years, but there are other things that indicate a stage of development little known to the ordinary citizen who is not familiar with Indians.

First W. M. Graham won the confidence of the Indians. They always called him "Kitsi Ogemawow," and the accent was on the last syllable, with a rising inflection. Even the "wha, wha" that followed in lower tones could be heard half a mile away when W. M. Graham shook hands with one of his faithful friends of the reserves. And they all knew him, knew him for a kind man, a stern man, a man of discipline, and woe to the Indian who did not follow the rule of the reserve. With but a few exceptions, Mr. Graham could point to a life-time in both direction of, and friendship with the Indians, that was a clear sheet.

His best monument will be found among the thousands of Indians, who have learned of the white man's ways, and who have imitated the white man, who even have surpassed some. Today there are Indian homes where a piano is to be found, where the house is as modern as any country home, where carpets adorn the floors, where the linen is equal to that to be found

in the good homes, and where conversation is not lagging even in important matters of the life of the country.

"The Colony" One of His Memorials

An outstanding success of the reign of W. M. Graham as Indian agencies supervisor is to be found in what is known as "The Colony" at File Hills. There the graduates of the various Indian schools of the west were placed on farms and assisted in their work to become modern, successful farmers.

The Indian is never demonstrative, but he never forgets, and in that requiem of silence of his Indian friends, W. M. Graham will live for years.

The circumstances surrounding Mr. Graham's death are the final proof of his lifelong devotion to the welfare of the Indians. Thursday afternoon, following lunch, he left his home for a walk and wended his way to the Indian department offices in the Federal building, corner of Scarth street and Victoria avenue. He chatted with the officials at the office for a while, inquiring how the old friends were, and suddenly collapsed. He was taken unconscious from the building to the hospital, where he died about three hours later. To the last his heart was with his work of a lifetime.

(Courtesy Regina Leader-Post)

HUNDREDS AT GRAHAM SERVICE

Saskatchewan Pays Final Tribute To Former Commissioner

Citizens of Regina and many parts of Saskatchewan bowed in tribute to the memory of one of their foremost leaders—W. M. Graham, until 1932 commissioner of Indian affairs in western Canada.

The attendance in St. Paul's Anglican church and at the graveside in Regina cemetery numbered in the hundreds, was indicative of the great influence which Mr. Graham's personality and his public service had upon the life of his adopted province.

Many Indian Friends

In his 47 years of administrative experience in Indian affairs, the late Mr. Graham made a host of staunch friends among the natives, and especially among the metis who fully appreciated his guidance and always considered him as their "big brother". That this had not been forgotten was evident when the funeral rites were attended by Jos. Z. La Rocque and T. Major, representing the Saskatchewan Metis Society.

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES IN THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY

The Indians have been very active in supporting the efforts of the Red Cross throughout the winter months. Beautiful knitting and articles of clothing have been made by them in the Indian Hospital, the Indian School at Lebret, and on the Sioux Reserve.

Indian Hospital—the work done includes: 9 pairs of socks, 16 pairs wristlets, 2 sweaters, 1 scarf, 7 bedgowns, 3 suits of pyjamas, 6 pneumonia jackets.

Indian School—33 pairs of stockings.

Sioux Reservation—6 pr. socks, 10 pr. wristlets, 6 scarves. The amount of \$16.20 has been contributed to the Red Cross Fund during the winter months.

EUROPEAN WAR NEWS

- March 13**—Finnish-Russian treaty signed in Moscow gives Russia the entire Karelian isthmus, and a thirty-year lease on the Hango naval base. Islands south of Finland are also annexed to Russia.
- March 18**—Hitler and Mussolini meet at Brenner pass for a conference.
- March 19**—In reprisal for Germany's raid on Scapa Flow, base for the Home Fleet, made three days previously, British bombers attack the German air-base at Sylt.
- March 20**—Premier Daladier resigns in France. Paul Renaud forms a new cabinet. Sumner Welles returns to the U.S.A.
- March 28**—Sixth meeting of Allied War Council held in London.
- April 3**—Raids on Scapa Flow and on Sylt.
- April 8**—The Allies close the North Sea to Germany by laying mines in Norwegian waters.
- April 9**—GERMANY INVADES DENMARK and NORWAY; the British and French fleets and air squadrons rush to Norway's aid. Sweden remains neutral. Troops landed in Norway. Big naval battle in progress today and on April 10th.

Catholic Youth Convention Held at Lebret School

On March 28-31 a convention of young men, ex-pupils of the school, was held at Lebret. Father H. Desrochers presided at the meetings. Due to unfavorable weather conditions, and perhaps also to numerous hockey games scheduled for that week-end, only 13 boys attended the meetings. The subjects discussed were of actual importance. Father Laviolette made a report on social and economic conditions on the reserves, and how they affect the moral and religious life of the young men; the questions of employment, helping the young men to have a farm of their own, and club activities were discussed. Fr. Guy gave an interesting talk on the preparation of a home, and on the choosing of a life companion; several topics were discussed by the assembly. The missionaries gained a deeper understanding of the problems which affect our Indian youth.

A concert was presented by the Leaguers of the Sacred Heart, under the direction of Fr. Laviolette. A picture show was also presented.

Wood Mountain

April 4th.—It was in a real winter setting that the marriage of Alec Goodwill to Stella LeCaine, daughter of John LeCaine, took place in the latter's home. Numerous relatives and friends attended the ceremony. The wedding breakfast was served after the service, and on the table adorned with flowers, the wedding cake given by the bride's aunt, Mrs. J. Ogle, was cut by the bride.

Alec Goodwill and his wife will reside on the Standing Buffalo Reservation which he has a farm, near his father's home.

NEW DELICACY FOR SPRING IN CANNED MUSKRAT MEAT

An Indian delicacy will be introduced to Canadian epicures this spring in the hope that new markets will be found for meat hitherto wasted. Canned muskrat meat will be available shortly after trapping opens, April 1, on the provincial government fur farm

at Summerberry, Man., according to arrangements now being made by representatives of the department of game and fisheries here, and the local co-operative association.

About 75 tons of muskrat meat will be available when 120,000 pelts are taken by northern trappers on the game project in the spring. Indians throughout the north are clamoring for opportunity to take their squaws to the project to smoke and cure carcasses for future feasts.

The co-operative association is making plans to cook and can much of the meat as an experiment in introducing it to southern Canada. Should Canadians feel reluctant to include the meat in their menus, the preserved meat may be distributed among Indians throughout the year. Many white residents of The Pas are devotees of muskrat meat. They explain it has a pleasant taste, like duck or rabbit. The animal itself is very clean, and the carcass is easy to prepare.

HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS ACTIVE DURING WINTER MONTHS

Assiniboine Homemakers' Club

March 1.—A year ago, last Feb. 23, we began our sewing club meetings. We sure enjoyed our work, and we are glad to meet each other every Thursday afternoon.

Only seven women were able to come to our meeting last week as the roads were drifted and many members live quite a distance away from the Day School where the meetings are held. Some members have to walk two or three miles, and still have never missed a meeting. We have been knitting mitts and socks; we sold them, and now we are making quilts. We will also do some sewing for the Red Cross.

Then we will prepare our gardens. We had our garden last year close to the school; we looked well after it and had many vegetables last fall.

There are seventeen members in the club at present. After every meeting we serve tea and lunch, and we enjoy very much one another's company.

Mrs. Andrew Hotomani, president.

* * *

Pasqua Homemakers' Club

The amount of \$7.20 was collected from the proceeds of lunches served at our meetings and was turned over to the Red Cross.

We have recently made stockings for children, and articles of clothing for both children and grown-ups. The sale will be held soon. The drawing of a quilt has taken place on April 1st.

Farm Economics Classes in Alberta Indian School

The Easter issue of the "Moccasin Telegram", published at the Blue Quills Indian School, St. Paul, Alta., reports that a wood-work class has been started for the senior boys. The pupils have made a tool cabinet, a table, some benches. In the evenings a farm economics course is given. Its scope is the study of soils, cultivation of land, ranching, etc. As a work project a model log house has been built by the pupils. It is on the scale of one inch to a foot, and represents a house 20x15. The joints are saddle and notch. Each pupil will make his own model house. A field book is prepared by the pupils, and besides notes given by the teacher contains illustrations and plans. A special room has been attached to the work shop, and the course in farm economics is held in this same room.

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

Published monthly at the Qu'Appelle Indian School,
Lebret, Sask.

Rates: 50c per year, postpaid.

Club rates for schools: \$3.00 per 100 copies
each month (10)

REV. G. L. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., Editor.

Cum permissu superiorum.

VOL. 3. No. 4.

APRIL, 1940.

EDITORIAL

CATHOLIC EDUCATION

By His Excell. Bishop J. Guy, O.M.I.

(It seems very opportune to quote extracts in this paper of an excellent article on education, written by a well known Bishop in Western Canada.)

Education must be started at home by the parents, who have been associated with God in the birth of the body of their children. To fulfill their mission completely, they must in a way contribute to the birth of the soul and its faculties. This soul which comes from God must live for God and return to God. It must consequently be directed to God.

There is a right which not even ignorance and indifference, socialism or State-controlled education, can prevent from being unquestionable. That right, inalienable, sacred and beyond prescription, is conferred by nature to parents: They have the exclusive right in the education of their children. Their authority comes from God and must be exercised under His protection and almost His dictation. The body is generally looked after by our Catholic parents who in these last years of depression have made so many sacrifices in order to assure the daily bread of their children. But right in the sanctuary of the home, father and mother must have a hold on the growing and inquisitive mind in order to enlighten and direct it in the right path.

The soul of the child wrapped up in flesh, still captive of the senses, expects from its parents the act that will draw it from its prison and the helpful impulsion that will raise it toward God, Truth, Duty. A special atmosphere is thus created and should logically be kept throughout the tender years of youth. Thus a real school should be the prolongation of the family, permeated with the same atmosphere, with a training continued on a larger scale along the lines of that started at home. The school for a Catholic child should therefore be a second home in atmosphere, trend of thought, discipline, training.

The education of children belonging essentially to parents and the Church, it is imperative for parents and pastors to follow in its details the nature of the instruction and education given our Catholic children in schools. Of course, we must put our trust in our teachers but it may be a surprise for some to learn that theories not entirely favorable to the Church are taught in the Provincial Normal Schools and such theories far from dispose teachers towards our Holy Religion. Hence the danger of repercussion on the mind of the children. Hence also our obligation to follow closely the doctrines presented so directly to

our children, correct them and complete the imperfect knowledge of religious principles often exposed: I dare not say redress the more or less erroneous doctrines which are sometimes taught during class hours.

The half hour intended for religious instruction should be scrupulously attended to by the teachers themselves or the priests. A Catholic child prepared at home and developed according to his religious mentality, traditions and customs, will be in a better position than any one training more efficaciously. Experience has proven to conclusive evidence such an assertion.

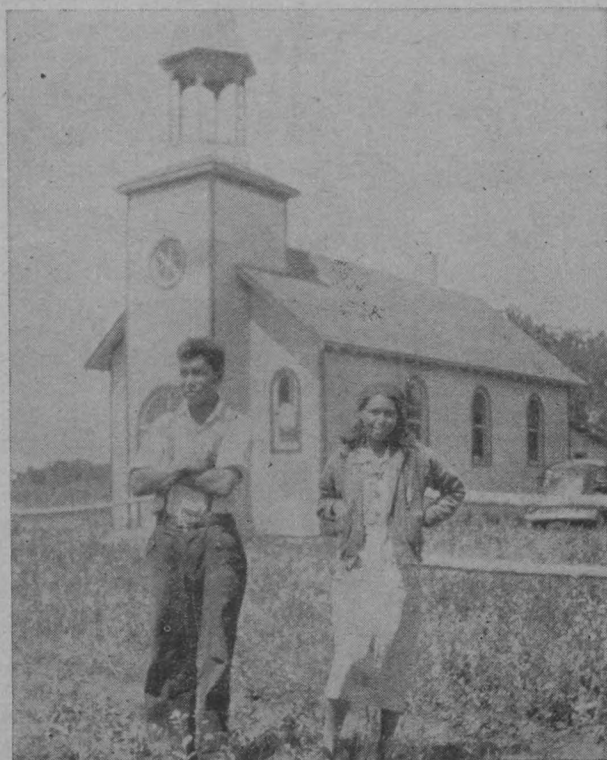
The Church through its Ministers can proclaim the truth, state principles, affirm rights, point out obligations, enact laws in matters of education but the Church must rely upon the co-operation of parents who should be ever ready to stand for their own rights and live up to their obligations. Let us hope that our present generation in this Province and elsewhere in Canada will realize its position and offer the children every opportunity to receive proper instruction both in the secular and religious orders.

J. Guy, O.M.I., Bishop of Gravelbourg.

CHURCH CALENDAR

May 1940

- 1—St. Philip and James, Apostles; Rogation day.
- 2—Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord.
- 12—Pentecost Sunday.
- 15-17-18—Ember days, fast and abstinence on Wed., Fri., Sat.
- 19—Feast of the Blessed Trinity.
- 23—Corpus Christi.
- 26—Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 31—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



Lizard Point Chapel, Manitoba

THE BEAR AND THE CROSS

A Tale of the Northern Missions

By Fr. Poulin, O.M.I.

Let us get acquainted right away with the one who told me the story I am about to relate to you.

Jim is a young metis of about twenty-five; he is a bow-boy of great ability, and only those who have been practicing this sport know how dangerous it can be at times. Often Jim was saved from danger, and he always attributed his protection to a small statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary which he carried precious in his pocket.

Mary, Jim's wife, is a convert to the Catholic faith; she is active and intelligent. However, the two of them have not always been leading an exemplary life, since before their marriage, they already had lived together for a few months. Moreover, Jim had a deep liking for wine, but this, in the opinion of his wife, was his only failing. Since they were married they have changed their lives, Jim has stopped drinking, and Mary became a shining example of virtues.

On the occasions of my visits, they never omit receiving Holy Communion; they recite together their evening prayer, and read eagerly all the pious literature I give them.

Mary's Profession of Faith

Once I stayed overnight at their home, and after we had said our evening prayers, Mary told me abruptly: "Do you know, Father, I defended my religion the other day. Jim and I were working for the white people, and as I was serving dinner to the refreshers, a peddler of bad books came into the house. As he was going to talk to me I told him, in front of everybody, that I did not need his books, with which he wanted to make money in cheating honest people. 'Anyway,' said I, 'our Catholic missionary gives us free all the books we need.' The peddler walked out without saying a word."

I admired the faith of this young Indian woman, and gave her a word of praise on her conduct.

Bloody Attack of a Bear

To come back to Jim, as I laid my Oblate cross on the table, he looked at it intently, and gazing mysteriously at the cross, he told me: "Father, the sight of this Cross reminds me of a very sad story which happened to my grandfather, when he was young. One day my grandfather went hunting; he went across the lake in a canoe, and after having walked about a hundred yards in the forest, he saw a bear, not very far away. He shot the animal, but did not kill it. Walking towards the spot where he saw the bear, he could not find it; he tried to follow its tracks, and then abandoned his quest. As he was turning away the bear suddenly jumped from behind a dead tree, and threw itself on my grandfather. However, my grandfather was very strong, and he tried to defend himself with his hunting knife. As he struck the bear, the brute seized his wrist with its mouth, and lunged the knife away. The bear clawed my grandfather, who was getting near fainting from loss of blood. His face was bleeding, and he was losing hope of winning the battle, when suddenly he thought of the crucifix he always carried in his pocket, and he

prayed that God would save him from death.

"As he ended his prayer, the bear opened wide its mouth and seized my grandfather by the side of his chest. The bear closed its jaws on a metal object which was in my grandfather's pocket. It was the crucifix, and it lodged itself in the bear's teeth. The animal, hurt and terrified, let go, and ran away. My grandfather managed to go back to his canoe, and slowly came across the lake. After many efforts he returned home, and told his sons what had happened to him.

"His sons went out after the bear, and having shot the animal, they found in its mouth the small metal crucifix which had saved their father from a certain death.

"My mother," added Jim, "has always kept as a precious remembrance this little cross, and she keeps it with gratitude and veneration."

(N. Ed.—This story is true to fact, having happened on one of the Reservations visited by Fr. Poulin).

THE RECOVERY OF JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

Jikwa dac mi ko abinodji ki ani kandjikit kaye ki ani songatisit. Apitci iki nibwaka kaye Manto o cawenimikowin o ki mockineckakon. Ossan kaye okin tasso aki Jerusaleming ki ijawan ako api wedjedjiasonokin Pasch ka ijinikatek kitci kijikat. Api Jesus mitasswi aci nij tasso pipunwet Jerusaleming o nikhikon o ki iji widjiwan, endotamingiban isan ako, api Pasch-kijikat wedjissekin.

Api dac pakiwewad, aja ki kabikossenigin kitci kijigaton Jesus abinodji Jerusaleming ki taji-kijadji, kikenimikossik ossan kaye okin. Pekanisinit owidjiwaganiwan o widjiwaninenimawad kape kijik mi ka iji pimussewad kaye mi jikwa ka iji nandonewawad taka ot inawemaganiwan tci widjiwanit kema pakan awyia kekenimawad.

Mikawassikwa dac, Jerusaleming ki iji ajekiwewok ani-nandowewawad. Nisso kijik ki nandonewawad o ki mikawawan pakidjikewikamikong megwe ojobihi-kewininiwan namatapinit, nandotawanit kaye kakakwedjimanit keko.

Ambe minik ima ka nondawawad o ki mamakatenimawan eji nibwakanit kaye eji nanakwetaminit. Ihi iji wabamawad Marie kaye Joseph apitci ki mamakatendamok. Kaye okin oho o ki ikon: "Ningwisiss, anicwin oho wendji ki totawiyang? Nacke kos ambe nin ki papa nandonehogo kitci gackendamang."

Oho dac o ki iji nakwetawan: "Anicwin wendji nandonehoyeg? Kawin na ki kikendansin tci ondamentaman Nos ot anokitakowin?" Kawin dac o ki nissitotawassiawan.

O ki ani widjiwan dac jikwa Nazarething ani iji kiwenit kaye oki nanahitawan. Okin dac kakina ono eyijiwebatinigin otehining o ki mindjimendamini, Jesus dac ki ani kandjiki nibwakawining tasso-piponakisiwining kaye sakhikowining enassaminit Kije Maniton kaye anicinaben.

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Assumption of Mary in Heaven

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

Pale faced and sad I see her kneel,
Before the altar-throne;
She gave her all unto her God
And walks life's way alone.

A nun, her daughter gladly lives
Where holy virgins dwell;
A monk, her son contented prays
In monastery cell.

Her heart is sad with loneliness,
As to God's will she bows;
Methinks she makes the sacrifice
Although she makes no vows.

—Father James M. Hayes.



CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA

5. Blessed the Pure of Heart For They Shall See God

Catherine was 12 years old. She was, in every way but one, alike to her companions. At that age, little Mohawk girls are already young women and very inclined to look at the young warriors, eager to find a sweetheart. As Catherine showed no inclination of the kind, some elder women, her aunts, decided to settle the matter. Old ladies are always very interested in that line of business, which gives them an opportunity for unceasing talk. Young braves were then frequently invited, and, on those occasions, the girl was discharged of her habitual tasks. The aunts were doing their best to bring her interest on the young callers. But Catherine seemed very reluctant, though she was usually meek and humble. They judged her bitterly and they tried to marry her by surprise. They agreed on a young man, a good hunter, who, when he came for a visit once, was told to sit down by the girl. The aunts asked her to hand him a plate of sagamité, mixture of boiled meat and corn, a public acknowledgement of betrothal. Tekakwitha arose. The old women thought that they had at last broken her stubbornness. But instead, the young girl cried that she would come back only after the young man had left the place, and holding her blanket front on her head, she ran away from the house.

Such a conduct was severely judged. Gossip went about. She was but the daughter of a Christian. It was a disgrace for the whole family. Petty and mean persecution, hard work, tiresome tasks became her lot. Often she was sent to haul heavy jars of water. There at the spring she would have a moment to relax, kneeling down, looking at the clear water gushing through the mossy stones, listening to the joyful song of the little stream. She used to call "sister" that fresh and clear water. This spring still flows and is named Tekakwitha's spring.

6. Father Pierron is Busy

Tekakwitha's uncle was among those who constantly refused to listen to the missionary's preaching. He believed that his own pagan creed was the only right one. The white people had their religion, the Indians, theirs, and in the happy hunting grounds no white people would be allowed. He liked to repeat to every one the fabulous tales of the old medicine-men, and he opposed in every way the work of the missionary.

Father Pierron, not dismayed, went from lodge to lodge, and by the smoky light of the fireplace, he narrated to his guest the story of our religion. He drew pictures with his knife, or with charcoal, on birch bark, or even on the walls of the lodge.

Tekakwitha's uncle did not allow her to attend these meetings, but he could not prevent her to look at the pictures drawn by Father Pierron. She enjoyed the pictures of the angels, and of the Blessed Virgin presiding over heaven and the saints. She listened, from a distance, to the songs and hymns which Father Pierron was teaching to his neophytes.

After a few months, the missionary had quite a following, and he was getting ready to baptize a number of them, when, on the occasion of the Indian feast for the dead, his life was suddenly in great danger.

(To be continued)

A PROTESTANT WARNS ON MIXED MARRIAGES

How does a thoughtful Protestant minister regard mixed marriages? Does he stand with the Catholic Church in unalterable opposition to such unions, or does he think with some foolish young Catholics that the Church exaggerates the risks they are prepared to take?

The Rev. Paul Matson has been rector of an Episcopalian church for twenty-five years, and as a result of that lengthy experience he is convinced that, as a rule, mixed marriages are bad not only from the Catholic standpoint, but from the Protestant standpoint as well. "So thoroughly am I convinced," he says, "of the dangers of mixed marriages that I do not hesitate to counsel my young people: either embrace the Catholic Faith before marriage or seek a partner of your own Faith."

Years of experience in guiding his flock makes him see eye to eye with the Catholic Church. He has noted that "promises have a way of losing strength"; that "the perplexing question of the upbringing of offspring" is very often "a subject for dispute", as is "the simple habit of attendance at Sunday service." Unpleasant situations are possible even in the best of homes, but the difference in religious views often lead to some of the most unpleasant and disastrous. Do not scorn advice, imagining your mixed marriage will be the exception, that the promises your partner makes will be inviolate to the letter."

This clergyman gives an illustration of how promises are sometimes more honored in the breach than in the observance. "I was deeply concerned very recently over a young Catholic woman who married a member of my congregation . . . He was agreeable to any and all agreements before the ceremony, but no sooner had he brought his bride to this city than he insisted on her attending his Church. A short time later I learned of the illness of this young woman at our local hospital. The physician informed me that while the illness was not of the serious type, yet the patient had no will to get better, and that she was gradually growing weaker." Sensing the poor woman's real trouble, Mr. Matson cautiously inquired if she would like to see her parish priest. "Between sobs," he continues, "she related her ineffectual efforts to have her husband ask a priest to call on her. . . Her parish priest accompanied me to the hospital. But the woman's husband had preceded us. I did

what I could to influence him. I argued, pleaded and finally threatened, but he was adamant. He would not consent to the priest's presence at his wife's bedside. When he resorted to abusive epithets, I knew that poor, bewildered woman was doomed to die without the consolation she so greatly needed."

And the Rev. Paul Matson adds: "Think of her, young Catholic person contemplating marriage with a non-Catholic; put yourself in her place—dying alone, in a strange city, her own and remorseful thoughts her only company. Do I hear you say your John or your Mary would not act like that, that he or she loves you too much? That young wife believed that also. Again, as an outsider, I advise you, consider well your choice of a life-partner. As one who wishes all young lovers well, I beg of you to make your choice among those of your own faith."

From his experience of mixed marriages this Protestant clergyman thus honestly and conscientiously advises. There is not a single Catholic priest who is not prepared to swear that the Rev. Paul Matson speaks by the book.

For the Catholic who is capable of doing any thinking at all, the fact that the Church is so unalterably opposed to mixed marriages; that only with the greatest reluctance does she permit or tolerate such unions, should be sufficient reason for avoiding them. The Church does not legislate lightly or at random. Her experience is not limited to twenty-five years. Her knowledge of the heart of man has been perfected through the lengthening centuries. Her opposition to mixed marriages is based not on religious bigotry, but on the danger to the faith of the Catholic party and the offspring.

All mixed marriages are a dangerous venture, but the hazard is greater when the wife is a Protestant. It is not claimed that a non-Catholic woman is unfit to raise a child. But with all the emphasis at our command we say that a non-Catholic woman is not capable of rearing a child for the Catholic Church. It is on a mother's knee that the weal or woe of a human being is prepared. And a person's greatest welfare is the salvation of his soul. If we could accept all religions as equally good, there would be little objection to mixed marriages. But because we know, and know most positively that such is not the case, we cannot allow a child of ours to be educated in any other than the true religion. How can a non-Catholic impart to a child those habits and practices which are essentially Catholic?

(From the Catholic Record, courtesy Marienbote, Regina)



CUSTER'S DAY

By JOHN LE CAINE

On the eve of Custer's day, on the Little Big Horn river,
The Sioux warriors danced to drums into day, late,
War dance, a victory dance it was, singing, predicting Custer's
fate,

A victory dance . . . for just five days ago on the Rosebud River
Twelve hundred Sioux stopped Custer, Reno and Benton,
And others, numbering three thousand and more, I am told.

Sleepy and tired loitered the Sioux by his lodge on Custer's day,
Standing on three legs dozed his war pony before the teepee
door.

Not a soul moved about, save an odd child here and there at
play,

The great Sioux camp stood silent, like thousands of Lodge
Graves.

Even the Gods of wind seemed asleep somewhere in this still,
On the Little Big Horn river, that memorable day.

The officers at the Council Lodge too, showed nowhere,
Not a single official scout was dispatched, even till now,
Not even a stray wanderer left camp. Half the day was gone,
Even the ever fearing old warriors failed this day, somehow,
To climb the hills to see what danger lurked near . . .
A lazy, idle and careless day it was for all, on Custer's day.

As mid-day approached a horseman was seen riding in listless,
Wet and dripping foam, the pony was halted before a teepee,
A cry went up that travelled like lightning swiftness
From the North to the South ends of that sleepy valley:
"White man! — White men have come!" was the cry.
In the twinkling of an eye, life swarmed in the valley.

Half stampeding travois ponies milled in the dust madly,
While mothers and children, with ropes in hand, coaxed
pleadingly;

While Custer in pomp and glory rode the ridge proudly,
Cool, steady warriors stood pointing to their beloved the way
to escape,

While like an eagle, he watched every move of his prey.
At last a great cloud of dust rose, racing travois trail it was . . .

Then, from down the valley, to drive the Sioux came Major
Reno,

Into the arms of Custer, who blocked the enemies' way.
"Custer, loving mothers, wives and children must live, you
know,

Even if walls of fire challenge us here today;
For there is love and duty, besides honour and fame for man."
Thus spake Reno, urging Custer to fight valiantly.

Mad with fear for their beloved ones' lives, the warriors strived
Then the Sioux made Reno run and cry for life . . .

While Custer stood upon a hill, waiting for Reno's drive;
But Reno did not come. Instead came the Sioux:

Like the calm before the storm paused the Sioux before Custer;
Four times a war chief gave the war cry; then Custer's bugle
sounded.

Then began Custer's battle; a battle sadly strange and short,
No Sioux did Custer see below him to battle,
Nothing save a swirling cloud of dust from which came ponies'
snorts,

A thick, milling cloud of dust, that neither rose nor lowered;
Custer surprised, stunned, tried in vain to think a way . . .
He cursed the calm, the dust and the Sioux.

Like swallows frolicking in and out of a dense fog,
Warriors moved; it all seemed a maddening dream.
Straight and steady stood Custer, and his heart was strong;
Like a mountain top above a cloud Custer was a target,
Musket balls rained into him, a deadly stream,
... A scene that one can never try to forget.

A spark of hope: down the valley he looked, but no Reno . . .
Custer's heart weakened, he called to his men, he ran for life . . .
It was of no use; he retreated to the hill, his grave,
But he never reached that hill, he fell dead, freed from strife . . .
For White-Clay-Tracks' stone club smashed his skull . . .
And so fell the great Custer, leader of the braves.

(Ed. Note.—John LeCaine, or to use his Sioux name, Bowankapi-sni, has translated in the above lines the story of the battle of Custer, as related by the old Sioux warriors of Wood Mountain, some of whom have fought at the side of Sitting-Bull. The I.M.R. is pleased to publish this original story textually).